

Teach Me by JakeyFryMason011

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Summary:

Will goes to meet Jen's parents--and it turns into something else altogether.

OR:

The only bit about sex Will knows about is the scientific part, so Jen decides to educate him. Both characters are 17.

Reviews are love, and decided whether or not I should do more lemons in the future.

A gift for the awesome FangirlingStrangerThings. You guys should definitely check out those stories too.

Teach Me

Author's Note:

- For [FangirlingStrangerThings](#).

A knock at the door, and a woman with greying brown hair hurried to open it.

At the door was a timid looking boy of seventeen, hair in a curtain over his forehead.

"You must be Will," the woman said with a warm smile. "I'm Cara, Jen's mother.. Come in, come in!"

Will managed a smile. "Thanks," he said quietly.

Shy boy, Cara thought to herself, but then again Jen had warned her about that.

They walked into the house.

"Mrs Hayes?" Will asked.

"Oh please, call me Cara. If you were wondering where Jen is, she's outside. Why don't you go and say hello?"

Will smiled with relief. "Thanks Mrs Hayes. I mean Cara."

Closing the back door, he found Jen sitting on a lawn chair, reading a book. Looking up at the door closing, she smiled and jumped up.

"Hi," Will said softly as she stopped inches away from him.

"Hi," she said, kissing him.

"Ahem," somebody said, and they jumped apart. In the doorway was a man in a slightly wrinkled blue shirt with grey hair and a kind smile.

"Oh," Jen said. "Hi, Dad."

Clearing his throat, Jenny's father said "Uh, dinner's almost ready, you two."

They were sitting at the table, Will and Jen on one side and the parents on the other.

"So, Will," Jenny's father (who Will learned was named James) said. "I hear you're quite the science student."

Will blushed, and Jen said "He is. I probably would have failed this year if it wasn't for him."

"You would have been fine," Will said.

"Uh, a C average? No I wouldn't have been."

"James had difficulty with science too," Cara said.

"Only because my lab went wrong a little bit!"

"James, it exploded and it caught Mrs Ratliffe's sleeve on fire."

Jen put her hand on Will's knee under the table.

"I honestly thought she was going to have me expelled," James was saying.

Will was suddenly aware that her hand was slowly making its way up his leg.

"Honey, you're lucky she didn't press charges."

Her hand was on his thigh.

"This was thirty years ago. I hardly think it matters now," James huffed.

Almost on his waist, it began to creep towards his other leg.

"Not so. Miles Carly thought it passed, but--Will, are you feeling all right?"

He had stiffened and gasped. Her hand wasn't resting on his leg anymore--and it wasn't resting on his other.

Her fingers brushed him, and he resisted the urge to jump. Then, she squeezed. Not enough to hurt, but just enough to where he could feel his shaft swelling.

"Uh--"

Her hand withdrew.

"Yeah," he managed to say. "Yeah. Just--really tired from school."

"I always say they work you kids too hard there," Cara said with a sigh. "It never used to be that bad when I was going."

Will glanced at Jen in surprise, and she smirked at him.

After dinner, Cara dismissed Will and Jen with a "Well, you two go...hang out, or whatever you two do together" and the two of them went up to her room.

Will sat down on her bed, and Jen shut the door (and may have discreetly locked it). Placing her hands on either side of Will's legs, her face was incredibly close to his.

"Hi," she said.

Will blushed. Why did she still make him so nervous? They had been dating for around two years by this point--but he still felt like his fifteen-year-old self whenever she was around. "What did you do?" he whispered.

"When?" she asked him innocently, when she backed up.

"You know. During dinner. When you--"

"Oh, that," she said with a smirk. "I wanted you to loosen up."

"Loosen up? I almost froze!"

She laughed. "Maybe I should have given you some warning."

She sat down next to him, still smiling. "How much do you know about fucking?"

The word spilled from her mouth so easily, and Will, despite himself, shivered.

"Well, um, I know that, uh--" his face was burning red and he found it difficult to get a sentence out. "Um, when a man ejaculates, it plants a seed that grows into a child inside the womb, and that--"

She waved this all away like dust from an old treasure map in an attic. "Yeah, I know all that too. I meant--do you know about the sexy side?"

Rather ashamed, Will shook his head, looking at the floor. *Now she'll think I'm some sort of freak.*

"Really? None of that? Don't you listen to the guys around the school?"

"Well, not really," Will said. He had learned from years of experience to block out anything they said. *Whatever they say doesn't matter*, Joyce had told him forever ago.

She was quiet, biting her lip, and seemed to be thinking.

"--I could teach you," she said, turning to him.

"Wh-what?"

"I could teach you how to do it."

"As in--"

"Physically," she said. "I'm ready."

Will thought he might faint. His girlfriend, easily the most beautiful girl on the planet (although Mike might disagree), wanted to sleep with him. Him! Will had honestly thought he might die a virgin. "Well--uh--are we actually going to, you know...fuck?"

"Well, not that far, that's technically illegal. But...other things, I can

teach you." Jen gave him a gentle smile. "Are you ready?" she asked him. "If you aren't, we could wait--"

"No. No, it's...um...it's ok..."

He just hoped he wouldn't suck at it.

Jen smiled and kissed him. "Good. Because I probably would have gotten you in bed anyway."

He blushed even more, if that was possible.

"Let's start with the basics," Jen said in an oddly candid voice. In one swift movement, she took off her shirt.

Will simply stared. She was sitting before him in her bra, smirking at his reaction. "Like what you see?"

Will nodded mutely. What could he say, anyway?

"Here," she said. "Touch." She took his hand and placed it on her breast.

He couldn't believe it. He could feel her nipple, erect and waiting, through the bra.

"Now move your hand," Jenny said. "Go on."

Clumsily, he rotated his hand, moving her tit in a circular motion.

"Mmmm," Jen hummed, closing her eyes. "Good. Now--add the other hand."

He did so, repeating the movement with his hand.

Her breath seemed to be shorter. "Yeah," she whispered. "Squeeze. Squeeze them."

Gently, he bent his fingers, but she took his hands in hers and squeezed them firmly with a gasp.

"Is this--is this okay?" Will managed to stammer.

She nodded, opening her eyes, and smirked. "I can see you're enjoying this too."

Will looked down and blushed. The bulge was back, and he felt his dick pushing forcefully against his pants.

Jen reached out and unbuttoned his jeans, letting the zipper fall, and peeled away his underwear. Will internally winced, waiting for her to laugh or sneer, and on the outside he stuttered an apology, but--

"Oh, Will," she breathed.

"Is it small?" Will asked quietly. "It's small, isn't it?"

She leaned in, forcing his arms to bend, and kissed him. "It's perfect," she whispered in his ear, and blew on his earlobe. He shivered, goosebumps standing upon his neck.

Her hands slowly circled around his cock, and he froze, but she took his hand again and forced them to move. "It's okay," she said. "Relax."

She started to move her hands, up and down, and he shivered at the unexpectedly good feeling. His breathing became more labored.

Suddenly Jen stopped, and he internally wished she would keep going, but she let his hands drop. "Here," she said. "Let's make this easier."

And the bra dropped.

They were perfectly round, not small and yet not massive either. Her nipples, brown against her skin, stood out proudly.

He put his hands back, soaking in the feeling, and she bit her lip and groaned. But "not yet," she said. Standing up, she removed her skirt, tossing it aside like an empty soda can, until Jennifer Hayes, proud queen of the school, stood before the quiet, shy Will Byers in nothing except a triangle of fabric.

Will felt faint. She was beautiful, so beautiful--

She sat back down. "Do you know how to finger?"

No. Obviously.

"Here," she said, opening her legs to allow access.

Tentatively, he placed his flat hand atop her panties. She giggled. "See? You're catching on."

Will allowed himself to savor what was happening. He could feel her pussy lips under the thin, damp fabric.

"Rub," Jen said. "Go on."

He moved his hand back and forth rhythmically, and she moaned. "Yessss..." she hissed. "Slap it. Lightly, slap it."

He raised his hand half an inch, the wrist not moving, and brought it down on her. She grunted, bucking her hips, so he did it again.

"Oh yeah," she whispered. "Fuck..."

He kept rubbing and slapping as she groaned, her eyes shut as she fondled herself. "God, Will..."

Opening her eyes, she straightened. "You can go under the panties now," she said.

He pulled the back, revealing her pussy. It was damp, and a patch of blonde pubic hair had drops of moisture--not urine, but cloudy white--clinging to it.

"Good," she said, giggling breathlessly. "Now--put a finger in."

"Are you sure?" he whispered.

"Yes. Yes, go on."

He took his middle finger, the longest, and gently pushed it in.

It felt so strange, his finger inside her. Inside it was warm and wet, and he adjusted his finger.

She yelped with pleasure and bucked her hips. "Oh my god," she hissed. "Yeah..."

He pulled it partially out again, and then back in. And repeated. Thrusting in and out, he picked up speed.

"Oh fuck," she said, her eyes rolling. "Add--add another finger."

Obliging, he kept up the rhythm, and she whimpered. Alarmed, he stopped, but she shook her head. "No--no, don't stop!"

He added a third, and she moaned aloud, moving her hips to meet his thrust. "Oh my god, yes," she groaned. "So...so good..."

Suddenly, she said "Stop! Stop!"

Afraid he had done something wrong, he withdrew his hands quickly. "Sorry," he said, looking down.

"No, it's ok," she said. "I just--I wanted to teach you how to eat someone out before I cum."

"Oh." He knew that was putting your mouth to someone's vagina, and his face burned. "Uh, ok..."

"Come here," she said, standing up and holding out her hand. He took it.

Climbing up on a table near her bed, she opened her thighs. "Kneel down here," she said gently, pointing. Will, unsure of himself, obliged.

Rubbing herself, she noticed that his dick was ramrod straight, and Jen smirked. He would be rewarded soon enough.

"Good, now lick my inner thighs," she said once he was in position. Noticing his hesitation, she smiled. "It's okay, don't be shy."

He did nervously, and she groaned and moved her pussy towards his face. There was a strange scent coming from her--not altogether unpleasant, but unfamiliar.

"Good, now, I want you to kiss it."

He looked up. "You--you--"

"Go ahead," she said. She could barely contain herself now. "Kiss my clit."

He did, sweet and slowly, the way he kissed her when they were alone. With a gasp, her hands flew to his head, playing with his hair.

"Lick it," she said. "Lick me!"

"Do I just--"

"Up and down, up and down," she gasped. "Please, Will, please!"

He nodded, surprised by her pleading tone, and ran his tongue up and down her pussy--first slowly, and gradually speeding up to a flick.

Mewling, she pressed his face gently into her, nestling his face into her crotch. "Put your tongue in," she hissed. "Thrust..."

Obliging, he picked up speed, and she wailed, mashing herself against his face.

"Oh fuck yes," she whimpered. "Fuck, fuck *fuck*..."

Suddenly, a knock on the door. They both froze.

"Jenny?" said her father from behind the door. "Your mother and I are going to run to the store for ice cream. Do you want any particular flavor?"

"No," she managed to call back in a steady voice. "It's fine."

"All right. Hey, what are you doing in there?"

"Will and I are just playing a game," she called back.

Will didn't dare move.

"Nothing sexual?" her father asked.

Jennifer, sitting naked on a table with Will's head pressed into her pussy, managed to say "Nope" without laughing.

Will's shoulders were shaking with the effort of not laughing out loud.

"All right. We'll be back soon."

His footsteps retreated.

"That was close," Will whispered.

Jen smirked. "Makes it a bit hotter almost, doesn't it?"

Will put his face back, continuing, and she laughed breathlessly. "Are you sure you've never done this before?"

She could feel herself getting close, and ground her hips against him, now free to be as loud as she wanted. "Oh yeah--oh fuck...Will...I'm gonna cum...I'm gonna cum..."

Her moaning became louder and louder, and Will had just enough time to open his mouth before she exploded. She tasted stranger--not unpleasant, but still strange. It wasn't Will's favorite thing ever, but he decided it wasn't terrible either.

Gasping and sweaty, she released Will's head, and he sat down on the floor, his cock still stiff and waiting.

"Aw, I forgot about this," Jenny said, kneeling down and taking it in her hand. "I have one more thing to teach you..."

Jerking him off, she smiled at him before gently kissing his tip. Will gasped at the feeling, and with a smirk she ran her tongue up and down his shaft. It twitched noticeably.

"Feel good?" she asked, smirking at him.

"Oh god yes," Will breathed, and she giggled before engulfing it in her mouth. Will cried aloud.

Bobbing her head up and down, she allowed herself to slobber everywhere, swirling her tongue around it. Her hands gripped the remaining parts she couldn't take, jerking him and stroking his balls. Pulling away to breathe, she spat on in before going back down. She

went faster and faster, and Will gripped at his shirt, saying "Jen--Jen, I'm going to--"

She pulled off at the last second. "Stand up," she commanded. He did so, and Jen knelt before him, hands massaging her tits.

"Jerk off," she whispered, blowing cold air onto his dick. "Come on, I want you to blow all over me. Come one, Will, cum...come on..."

Gasping, he burst all over her in strands, white ribbons decorating her face, hair and tits. Taking her hand, she wiped some off her face and put it in her mouth. Picking up her panties from the floor, she cleaned him off, and then with her bra cleaned herself off. "Now I'm actually thankful my parents make me do my own laundry," she said with a smile.

Will pulled his sweat-soaked shirt down and pulled his pants back up, buttoning them, and Jen dressed herself again, although Will noticed she didn't bother to put her panties back on.

"Where did you learn about--about all that?" Will asked her softly.

She smirked. "Well, I may have bought a porn movie..."

"Seriously?" he asked, blushing.

"Yep. I still have it."

He lay back on the bed. "Wow."

"Hmm," she said, cuddling up with him. "Was that fun?"

"You bet," he whispered. "You bet."

"Hey, when I turn eighteen, maybe we could do it for real."

"You mean--" he still turned red at the word.

"Fuck? You have no idea how long I've been wanting to do that."

"Could we--I mean, if you really want to--can we--"

"Keep doing this?" Jen asked him.

"Yeah." He felt so perverted even asking that.

"What do you think?" she asked, kissing him on the cheek.

"I hope it's a yes."

"Then it's a yes," she said with a smile.

A knock on the door, and they jumped.

"Guys?" Cara's voice said. "We're back with ice cream. If you want some, come on down."

Jenny smiled at Will and opened the door. "Hi, Mom."

"Goodness, you two are all sweaty. What were you both doing?"

The two smiled at each other--one shyly, the other a smirk.

"Just...hanging out," Jen said.

Author's Note:

And that is it! Apologies for the sucky ending. It's my first attempt at an explicit story, so be nice y'all. Reviews are appreciated!

What do you guys think? More sex stories (perhaps Will and Jen actually get to screwing, or maybe even a Max/Lucas lemon?) or do I suck at these and I should never try again? YOUR reviews may help to decide! Cheers!